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## Salzburger Musikfest.

(Correspondence of the London Musical World.)

Salzburg, July 17.

"A Musical festival in honor of Mozart will be held at Salzburg, his birthplace, towards the end of July. The orchestra will include most of the artists of the Viennese Opera."

Such was the paragraph in the *Illustrated News* which caught my eye one sultry day in June, while I was inhaling the murky atmosphere of London, longing for an "outing" of some kind. My imagination at once took fire. Do you know the wonderland of which Salzburg is the centre, dear friend? Have you looked down from the castle which towers above the old-fashioned Austrian town, and revelled in the beauty of a scene equalled by few—surely surpassed by none other on this Continent!—a view embracing vast tracts of fertile, richly cultivated country, on the one hand; on the other, an immense pile of jagged, precipitous mountains, along whose sides, bathed in a deep blue transparent haze, the lights and shades are forever varying. Beneath the mountain villages and villas innumerable, nestling peacefully amidst the bright green meadows of the Salza—but you do know all this, and therefore I need not attempt to describe what beggars description. Well, looking out upon my chimney pots and my smoke, I began to dream of pure mountain air, of music, and of Mozart; and I said, I will go where all these attractions are combined. So I packed my portmanteau, and here I am. I will send you the programme of the Salzburg Musical Festival. You may, perhaps, like to compare it with those of our London concerts. A supplementary placard, posted on all the walls, sets forth how ticket holders will be received at the station, provided with lodgings, lionized, conducted, and directed, from hour to hour, during the whole of their stay; This part of the arrangement reminds one somewhat of Mr. Cook's railway tours; and though I did not care to avail myself of the proffered help, I was not a little edified at encountering in the street a long procession of hot, dusty pilgrims, laden with vast wreaths and garlands, looking like a detachment of the Ancient Order of Foresters. Shorn of their Masonic insignia, their minds, to my thinking, had reached an abnormally flat pitch; so I avoided them, and confined my contemplation to the two houses where Mozart lived, and where Haydn (if an inscription on it be correct) died. And I also inquired my way to the pretty cottage where Joachim is wont to spend his holidays, though he is still detained at Berlin just now by the duties of his school of music.

The proceedings of the Festival commenced on the evening of Monday, by a gathering in the "Cur-saal," where musicians met and exchanged salutes, and drank such quantities of beer that the whole might seem to be intended for a feeble charade on the words: "Ale fellow, well met!"—this to the tune of sundry not specially striking polkas and waltzes, performed by a military band—the performances varied by speeches still less striking. My own share of the beer was barely sufficient to keep up my spirits, and I joined but feebly in the vociferous applause bestowed on a *potpourri*, introducing Papageno's air from the *Zauberflöte* and the minuet from *Don Giovanni*. The music of Tuesday evening, however, was a different affair altogether. I have never heard a more perfect performance of Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon* than that achieved by the admirable orchestra so ably conducted by M. Des-

soff, formerly conductor at the Opera of Vienna—and thus no stranger to these artists—now, however, established permanently at Carlsruhe. I was very much impressed by the artistic intelligence evinced in M. Dessooff's readings; by the delicacy of gradation from absolute *pianissimo*—not (observe) a toneless *pianissimo*—to *fortissimo*, by the uniform beauty of tone and correctness of intonation; even those frequent sinners, the flutes and horns, being, as I thought, free from all reproach. There was, too, a vigor and *ensemble* of attack, a crispness of accentuation, "a go" about it all, which was most refreshing. A *Passacaglia* by J. S. Bach, with orchestral accompaniments by H. Esser, followed; but, well as it was played, I prefer it in its original form.

Whether the heat of the room may have told its tale before the Mendelssohn *scherzo* came on, I cannot say; certain it is that it sounded just a little tame, and did not quite realize the expectations raised by the admirably spirited rendering of the *Anacreon*. But in the C minor Symphony, which furnished the *whole of the second part of the concert, and could, therefore, be listened to with the concentrated attention it deserves* (in London I have known the Choral Symphony and the Mass in D of Beethoven crammed into one concert!)—in the C minor Symphony, the orchestral performers were "all there" again. I think I never heard so fine a performance of the slow movement, *scherzo*, and *finale*. The first movement I thought less remarkable. In the Symphony, as in the first overture, the unerring clearness with which the various subjects were given out; the alternate vigor and delicacy of tone; its fulness when most subdued; its invariably excellent quality, were very remarkable, and, no doubt, the conductor, so long associated with this orchestra, may be credited with a large share in the result.

Among ourselves we have had ample opportunity of observing how much a conductor may achieve, and how much he may mar. I must not omit to mention Mozart's *concertante*, for violin and viola, with orchestral accompaniment, efficiently played by Messrs. Grun (viola) and Krancsewicz (violin)—an accident having disabled Herr Lauterbach, who was to have taken the violin part. To ears accustomed to Joachim and Straus, comparisons would inevitably suggest themselves; and I thought that, though perfection is not within the reach of other than very exceptional talent, still the music of Mozart should rouse every educated musician to some degree of poetic warmth. The last movement of this work is, as you know, quite captivating in its melodious mirth. I wonder it is not often heard.

The singing, as is usual where instrumental performances are made the great feature, was not very remarkable. Madme. Gompertz-Bettelheim has retired for some years from the public exercise of her art, and her voice, formerly admirable, has lost some of its freshness. She has, however, great power and much dramatic feeling. She declaimed Handel's fine air very effectively. Herr Staudigl, a nephew, as I am told, of the *basso* once so well known in England, has a very powerful and well-trained bass voice of great compass and good quality; but he sang Spohr's song, "Liebe ist die zarte Blüthe," with little warmth of expression or breadth of phrasing.

There was a large and very enthusiastic audience—good listeners, including members of the Imperial family of Austria. The whole orchestra, as well as their talented conductor, had several times to stand up in acknowledgement

of the applause so deservedly bestowed upon them. This first evening was a very decided success, and was probably by none more thoroughly enjoyed than by your friend, just now a wanderer.

Wednesday, 18th July.

The second concert of the Salzburg festival opened with Mozart's "Jupiter Symphony"—the performance of which, however, was not of exceptional excellence. Throughout the slow movement the violins used mutes (*sordini*),\* the effect of which, in *forte* and *crescendo* passages, was to produce a nasal tone far from agreeable, and destructive of that sustained power so essential to broad phrasing. The wood instruments seemed to have received such strict orders to subdue their tone, that even in passages where they had the lead, they were scarcely heard. The result was not a happy one. Then in the minuet the rhythm was marked and accentuated with a square-toed accuracy, recalling the sober old German waltz before the *deux temps rubato* which came into fashion. Thus, though the first and last movements were vigorously and well played, the whole performance was not of more than average merit. This symphony constituted the *whole* first part of the concert. The second part began with Wagner's overture, called by its composer *Faust*. His worshippers, being in the secret, would know why. To outsiders like myself many other titles might appear equally suitable. I should call it "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*," or "*Jerome Paturot à la recherche de la meilleure des républiques*," or take it to symbolize the German idea before Bismarck, so vague and disjointed did it sound. But I had not "the Book" to guide me. Anyhow, the members of the orchestra were never for an instant puzzled, thanks possibly to their talented conductor, with whom they shared much well-merited applause. Then presently followed the variations on Haydn's theme, in which Brahms puts forth all the resources of his art with such consummate skill and sustained vigor, with such endless variety of rhythm and wealth of melody. This was again most admirably performed, and left nothing to be desired. Weber's *Euryanthe* overture, a very fine and most spirited performance, concluded the list of orchestral pieces—a most brilliant wind up. Besides these, was the pianoforte concerto of Schumann, very well played by Brüll, a most capable performer, himself composer, as well as *virtuoso*.

But in these days, when impossibilities are accomplished as a matter of course by the great stars, no pianist of average, or even more than merely average attainments, can hope to make his mark. He merely goes to swell the tail of one or other comet. Herr Brüll would always take rank as a very good pianist. He will never be gaped at, like Rubinstein, nor abused (let this be his consolation) like Arabella Goddard. Last, not by any means least, let me speak of Madme. Louise Dustmann. This is one of that school of great singers now growing so rare—an artist in every sense of the term—though considerably past her prime; her every note, her every movement (she is said to be a consummate actress) gives evidence of the highest artistic training. Her voice, though evidently but the remnant of what it once was, is still rich, powerful, and sympathetic; her style, broad, unaffected, and thoroughly musical. She sang Gluck's grand air very finely indeed; and in Mozart's well known duet from *Figaro*, produced an effect which I have rarely heard

\* Mozart has so ordered it.—D. P.



toilet matters our Immortals have made since then!

DEAR MISS BERTHA.—I return my best thanks for the things which arrived to-day. You say nothing about the pink dressing-gown. Please give me notice when you dispatch it. I should like to have ordered an *entire* piece, some 100 eis., of the larger rose-satin pattern which I herewith return; only the texture must be somewhat smoother, just as it is in the green pattern; not so much body, but very open, as being more lustrous than the large pattern. The color, however, is just what I want. And the price?

Meanwhile you can send the remainder—twenty eis. of the enclosed pale pink; and, if it is cheap, the remainder (thirty-eight eis.) of the green.

Of the heavy pink satin, of which you last sent me twelve eis., I could find a use for twelve more.

Enquire at the ribbon-shop of the Silver Wreath, in the Stock-im-Eisen-Platz, whether they have still any of the very broad, stout, pink and blue satin ribbon, which I once saw there; it was for scarves, and probably a quarter of an ell broad. If there is any to be had, I should like some. Please see about it.

Some very good narrow lace would be useful to us; and, also, some of the half-broad at one florin or one and a half florins.

I short, do the best you can for us!

Let me have, also, a regularly receipted bill of the things. I suppose that at present you are not inconvenienced with what you lay out, are you? At any rate, there shall be some money ready in case it is needed. I should, however, like to have a little time. You shall receive your remuneration; I hoped myself to come again soon to Vienna.

Ah! be kind enough to go, or still better, send some one, to Faber, the dentist, Am Graben; get a very large quantity of his tooth-powder, and pay for the same yourself.

There! That is enough for to day! I thank you extremely, and expect soon to have some fine things.—Best greetings from

R. WAGNER.

—Lucerne, 30th March, 1867.

In this letter the dressing-gown, lined with elder-down, and which we thought we should have to mourn as lost, again begins to fit before us. Till the eagerly desired article shall arrive, the composer endeavors to divert his mind with a large pattern of pink satin (hundred eis.), a little pale pink (twenty eis.), grey satin (thirty-eight eis.), and a tiny little piece (twelve eis.) of stout-pink satin. "In short, do the best you can for us," he cries, gazing with confidence into the future. This letter differs strikingly from all the others by the fact that we have in it the tooth-powder motive in addition to the satin motive. As the composer "never troubled his head about trifles," he orders "a very large quantity" of the tooth-powder. The presentiment I had regarding this powder was justified when I saw the latter, its color is pink; so it is in harmony with the color of the dressing-gowns, hose, and little boots:—

DEAR MISS BERTHA.—I thank you for the dressing-gown, which has turned out pretty well as I wished it. Perhaps this letter will arrive in time for some articles I forgot to order on the last occasion, and which you can despatch with the next parcel. In order to be provided with everything for some little time, we still require:—

1. 6 more pieces of the best pink ribbon.
2. 1 or 2 pieces of orange ribbon (same as the last).
3. 1 or 2 pieces of good light yellow ribbon.
4. Some more nice covered silk blond—lace-shirt—if possible, 12 eis., of the same pattern.
5. Should you happen to have a very beautiful white satin, I would take 12 eis. Very soft. There! now reckon up every thing carefully, so that I may know how much I am in your debt.—Best greetings and compliments from yours obediently,

R. WAGNER.

(To be Continued.)

### The New Prima Donna.

(From "Mayfair.")

The season of 1877 has been an unlucky one for Mr. Mapleson, in more than one respect. Hardly had the difficulty of finding a house been overcome, when, as Edgar Poe has it, "disaster on disaster followed fast, and followed faster." The illness of Mlle. Tietjens excluded such works as *Fidelio*, and Cherubini's *Medée* from the *répertoire*—not to mention a number of Italian operas, which kept their places on the stage, chiefly owing to the magnificent acting and singing of that great artist. Moreover, the *débutantes* of the early part of the season proved more or less incompetent, while Mlle. Salla, the most prominent exception to this rule, succumbed to the eccentricities of our temperature. In other cases again, Mr. Mapleson showed unaccountable neglect of the talent at his disposal. Towards

the middle of June rumors suddenly gained consistency of the rise of a new star on the horizon—of a star, it was confidently predicted, sufficiently brilliant to retrieve the losses of the campaign. On the 23rd of the same month the first appearance of Mlle. Ethelka Gerster took place in Bellini's *Sonambula*, and immediately a marked divergence of opinion with regard to her merits became observable amongst amateurs and in the press. Some critics placed her on the top of the Mount of Fame. She was the rival, and more than the rival, of Nilsson, Albani, Patti—and, as if even this were not enough, the great shades of Sontag, Grisi, and Jenny Lind in her prime, were conjured up to find sufficiently complimentary parallelisms for the new favorite. Enthusiasts of this class naturally were dissatisfied with the more moderate views taken by other authorities.

One point, as far as we are aware, has been overlooked by both parties: the fact, namely, that Mlle. Gerster, whatever she may be at present, will be something very different on attaining the full development of her power—and of her faults we feel bound to add. Want of stage experience may be observed in almost every gesture and movement. She has, for instance, in a marked manner, the peculiar shake or nod of the head, after the achievement of a high note, so characteristic of the novice, also the measured wave of the hand during a difficult passage, which betrays rhythmical uncertainty. A tendency towards over-acting her parts is another besetting sin of the same category. In the mad scenes in *Lucia* and *I Puritani*—operatic heroines the reader is aware, easily get rid of their senses—this tendency, especially as regards facial expression, is carried to an absolutely painful degree, a circumstance all the more to be deplored as Mlle. Gerster can, when she chooses, act charmingly, *widè* the natural grace of her bearing in the scene with her father in *Rigoletto*, and in the love duet following it. Altogether the perfect ease with which she moves on the stage, and her always expressive, and sometimes truly dramatic action, promise well for her future success. As yet, however, we fear she is unable to truly realize a character in all its bearings. But even for this deficiency there are attenuating circumstances. Few modern operas contain anything like a sustained dramatic conception; and even where this is the case, the prevailing attention paid by the public to vocal achievements naturally leads the artist's ambition in the same direction. We are, indeed, too apt to absolutely identify a part with a single tune or aria pertaining to it. We hardly ask how did a singer impersonate Elvira or Gilda, but how did she sing "Qui la voce" or "Caro nome"? and more especially certain high notes occurring in these pieces. Of these high notes a long tale might be told. We could name a tenor who for years has subsisted on a certain "ut de poitrine," and who, in consequence, had little inducement to cultivate the lower and more natural registers of his voice. He is now past his prime, but he still retains the high note—at once his glory and his bane. Similar apprehensions arise with regard to the new *prima donna* when we notice the immoderate raptures elicited both in and out of print by her "E in alt." Her middle notes are sonorous and full of charm; but she is evidently too much intent on enlarging the upward compass of her voice to rely much on their natural beauty—forgetful, apparently, of the fact that an elaborate vocal cadenza with the inevitable shake at the end of a simple tune, may "bring down the house," but cannot satisfy, in the long run, the requirements of a more refined taste. Speaking of Mlle. Gerster's *bavura* style, we may add that here also she evinces natural gifts and artistic acquirements of no mean degree, but, as yet, falls far short of absolute finish. Her scale passages are enounced with great volubility, but she finds it difficult to sing them in perfect time, her rhythmical phrasing being altogether somewhat defective.

Here our remarks must end. Their chief purpose has been to protect Mlle. Gerster from her indiscriminating friends; and we have thought it our duty, while acknowledging her good qualities, to point out such defects as are, in our opinion, most detrimental to her future prospects. Many of these defects are not peculiar to her alone; they are the natural outgrowth of a perverse system. But we should feel sorry to see sacrificed to this system gifts which, if not of the very highest order, at any rate deserve, and will richly repay, the most careful cultivation.

### Blindness and Music.

Music seems the natural solace of the blind, and, so far as the pleasure of hearing music is concerned, the blind are at least on an equality with those who see. That, however, does not apply to highly-educated musicians, who follow with interest the progress of the art and look with eagerness for new works. The blind musician cannot make acquaintance with a new composition unless he has someone to play it to him. Of a full score, even with practical assistance, he could gain no complete knowledge. In the case, then, of a musician who loves to observe tendencies and developments, or who is simply desirous from ordinary curiosity to keep himself well informed as to what new music is being brought out, it may be doubtful whether it is not a greater misfortune to be blind than to be deaf. Nothing in the history of music is sadder than the account given by Beethoven's biographers of the first performance of the Ninth Symphony. Beethoven stood by the side of the conductor, but heard neither his own sublime music nor the enthusiastic applause

ought to bow, he turned for a moment towards the audience, who all at once became painfully impressed by the fact, now brought strikingly before them, that the creator of the work they had found so beautiful knew it only from having imagined it, and that as real music, audible and appreciable to the bodily ear, it had no existence for him. There is this compensation, however, for the deaf composer: that he can read and write music as though he had not lost the faculty of hearing. No sound can reach him; but he hears with his eyes. His mind's ear may be constantly exercised, whereas blind musicians, whatever pleasure they may derive from listening to music, cannot of themselves obtain from the engraved music-paper a single idea. It must be remembered, however, that the number of musicians of the highest cultivation who in later life became totally deaf cannot be very numerous; while to persons born deaf music must always remain something inconceivable. The position of Beethoven deaf may have been less intolerable than that of Handel blind. But the generality of deaf men cannot read music, whereas the generality of blind men can find great enjoyment in listening to musical performances. It is remarkable, too, how many of the blind possess musical faculties; so much so that, besides being what we have already called it, the "natural solace of the blind," music would also seem to afford them the fittest occupation and the surest means of gaining a livelihood. Basket-making and such humble industrial pursuits as blind people are often employed in yield but little profit. Thus it is impossible to make an ordinary blind asylum self-supporting through the labor of its inmates; and the great majority of blind people who have no means of their own are maintained either through the parish rates or by private charity. It occurred, however, to Mr. F. J. Campbell—who, if he did not originate the idea, was at least the first to introduce it and apply it in England—that blind children, if possessed of those musical aptitudes which belong to so many of them, might easily be enabled not only to keep themselves, but to gain very respectable incomes either as public performers, as teachers of music, or, in case of the higher positions being missed, as pianoforte tuners. Mr. Campbell has himself been blind since early childhood, which has not prevented him from making a thorough study of music, so that besides being an admirable pianist—as those who heard him at a recent Crystal Palace concert must be aware—he has also a full knowledge of the theory of his art. Having cultivated music systematically under the best professors at Leipzig and elsewhere, and possessing a remarkable talent for organization, Mr. Campbell is, of course, the director of that music school for the blind which he has succeeded in establishing on the heights of Upper Norwood. A performance given here a few days ago, in which a certain number of the pupils took part, would alone have sufficed to show that the institution must be producing good results. The invitations to this very interesting concert had been issued by the Duke of Westminster, one of the patrons of the academy; and among the most distinguished of the visitors were the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. The concert, in a purely artistic point of view, was excellent. The programme included all kinds of music, vocal and instrumental, by composers of all periods, from Bach to Gounod. Thus solo singers, a choir, and several pianists were heard; and the execution, always satisfactory, was sometimes admirable. The students of the piano

are remarkably well taught by Mr. Hartvigson, who, besides giving practical instruction in the ordinary manner, analyzes the most celebrated pianoforte works for the benefit of his pupils, and makes them acquainted not only with the composition, but also with the lives and aims of the great masters. Most of them will only be able to gain their living as pianoforte tuners, some few may find employment as teachers, but all are taught as carefully and as thoroughly as though they were in training for a composer's career; and all will at least learn to play the piano with more than ordinary intelligence and skill. Thus, apart from the question of gain, students at this musical training school for the blind are provided with an indestructible means of increasing their own happiness and the happiness of those around them. Although the school has been established only a few years, it has already turned out a certain number of pupils who are prospering as pianoforte tuners, and who, beginning at £1 and £1 6s. a week, found themselves a year after they had left the school earning from £2 to £2 10s. The school charge for tuition of all kinds and board <sup>is £20 per month, to £25 per month,</sup> is very economical view of the matter, the establishment does some good by turning, at a comparatively small cost, those who would otherwise be useless and burdensome members of society into valuable workers. The blind have, indeed, far more need of education than those whom the blind call "sighted persons." A man with his eyes may pick up a good deal of useful information; but for the untaught blind there is no hope, and persons of this class who are without private means must be supported by charity or starve.

The indigent blind are, by the way, specially cared for by an institution which aims at relieving their wants, spiritual as well as temporal, and at enabling them to support themselves. The Indigent Blind Visiting Society provides its dependants with readers, teachers, and guides, also with instruction in arts and trades suitable to the blind, with the exception of music, which, for any useful purpose to be attained, must be taught thoroughly and to those only who have special aptitudes for it. One fortunate idea conceived and duly carried out by the committee of the Indigent Blind Visiting Society is that of taking a certain number of poor blind children periodically from London into the country. Fresh air, the scent of flowers, the singing of birds—the numberless odors and sounds peculiar to the country—must be enjoyed by the blind even more vividly than by those who see. Most of the blind attending the classes, says the last annual report of this excellent society, "were enabled by the kindness of various friends to have a day in the country. Two hundred and sixty were invited on two days by Mr. and Mrs. W. Armitage, of Southgate, forty-eight were received by Mr. Powys Keek, of Kingston; while the remainder went on two excursions—one to Hampstead, the other to Epping Forest, for the last of which excursions they were mainly indebted to the Rev. William Cuff."

The children of the Music School for the Blind have no need to be taken into the country; for there is no part of England more beautiful or more healthy than that in which their school is situated. One might fancy they were aware of this fact from their evident enjoyment in walking about the grounds; and the able director who walks, talks, and writes his letters (by the aid of a type writing machine) as though he had the full use of his eyes, is convinced from his own sensations that they can appreciate the charm of the landscape. In any case the grounds, even to the smallest flower-beds, were laid out under the director's orders; and he declares that he should be much annoyed if he found (for example) that geraniums had been placed where he had ordered that roses should be planted. Mr. Campbell, it may be added, is familiar with the contents of the principal picture-galleries in Europe, and standing in presence of a work of art feels its influence as any man of imagination standing on the scene of famous exploits will realize to himself the circumstances under which the exploits were performed. As regards literature, one would expect a blind man to excel in abstract speculation or in lyric poetry rather than in the description of external objects; but Mr. Campbell, who possesses much literary talent, considers descriptive writing his particular forte. He has a very poor opinion of our great public buildings, and declares that if he had to begin life again he would adopt the profession, not of a musician, but of an architect. His school of blind musicians will certainly prosper; and it is probably the best blind school that exists, even for those who possess no great musical talent.

A certain amount of musical capacity is, of course, an indispensable qualification for admission to the establishment at Upper Norwood. But, once admitted for a permanence, the pupil is by no means instructed in music alone. The children take delight in arithmetic and—what is more surprising—in geography. Geography, however, is here taught by means of globes with raised surfaces; and the sense of touch is called into activity as the child passes rapidly from one country to another, pausing only to say for what products the land he is visiting with his fingers are remarkable. One pretty golden-haired little girl, with a blue sash tied across her eyes—(her mother had begged that they might in this becoming fashion be always kept concealed)—flew across the globe from point to point, in bird-like style, without once hesitating or making a mistake. Geography seemed to be studied in a reasonable and connected manner, as travellers study it in sketching on the plan of a journey. The child who ought to have had blue eyes went in the most business-like fashion from London to Calcutta <sup>via Dover, Calais, and so on, by the mainland route;</sup> and from Paris to New York <sup>via Havre,</sup> with an alternate route by way of London and Liverpool. In the arithmetical examinations very complicated questions were quickly answered. Each child was addressed separately; but when there was any delay in replying, those who were ready with a solution held up hand in token thereof. Any, even the slightest, mistake was at once signaled in the same manner. It could be seen that the children concentrated all their attention on the questions placed before them. It was evident, too, that they were taught in such a manner as to keep them constantly interested in their work. Children, under ordinary circumstances, are not taught. They have lessons given to them which they are told to learn. This method, so simple for the so-called teacher, would not be applicable in the case of blind children. Of course books with embossed characters are used; but the teaching is chiefly oral, and every subject is abundantly explained. This was particularly noticeable in the music classes. Many imagine that the blind learn music "by ear." So the uneducated blind may. But the blind who study music at Upper Norwood learn, like other students, to play from notes which, by a very ingenious and very simple system are dictated to them. When, however, they have once learned a piece, they play it by heart; and in point of memory many of them might challenge Rubinstein himself. The characters in relief from which the blind may read such books as have been reproduced in this style are well known. Various contrivances have been introduced for enabling them to write; and of these the most suitable and the most perfect by far is the "type-writer" already spoken of.

A complete course of training for modern pianoforte playing ought certainly to include gymnastics. That form of "higher development," however, which consists in lifting the hands high above the key-board—sometimes even above the pianist's own head—and bringing them down with a crash on the keys, is not suitable to blind performers, who cultivate a much quieter style of execution; and the gymnasium in the gardens of the Music School has been established with a view to the general health of the pupils. It is curious, and at first somewhat alarming, to see these blind athletes swinging, vaulting, climbing poles, and coming down head first, balancing themselves on high bars, and so on. But the exercise strengthens them, and gives them confidence, and no accidents take place. Sometimes a blind gymnast going down a pole meets another blind gymnast going up. No harm comes of such an encounter, but only a little amusement and a discussion as to which shall give way.

The School of Music for the Blind is open once a week to visitors. It is well worth seeing, and, better still, worth supporting.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

#### Piano Teachers and Concert Pianists.

BY JOHN C. FILLMORE.

Dr. Hans von Bülow is reported to have said; "If I stop practice for one day, I notice it in my playing; if I stop two days, my friends notice it; if I stop three days, the public notices it."

Whether this great master of the pianoforte ever said this or not, the principle embodied in the statement is undeniably true, and its truth can be attested by the experience of every pianist.

The virtuoso, however great his natural gifts, must become and remain such by dint of unremitting daily practice; and what is true of the virtuoso is true, in his degree, of every pianist. Whoever plays anything well must first have so worked it into his brain and fingers by numerous correct repetitions that its execution becomes an automatic process, or rather a spontaneous reflex, so that whatever suggests the piece at once sets in motion the process of artistic performance, which then goes on with as much freedom and spontaneity as the warbling of a bird. Without such freedom, so obtained, no really artistic performance is possible. Appreciation is not enough; enthusiasm is not enough; not even the highest artistic gifts will suffice. If there have been "mute, inglorious Milton," there have also been those whose real artistic gifts have found no outlet because they failed to become masters of any means of artistic expression. As well might a tongue-tied man expect to become an orator, as a man whose occupations allow him no time or strength for piano practice expect to become a virtuoso. And if one does not aim at virtuosity, but only at becoming a good pianist, it must be said that all good playing is of the nature of virtuosity; that however limited a pianist's repertoire may be, what he does play must be below the level of his technical and artistic attainments if he is to play it well, and that high attainments, even to the extreme of virtuosity, tell nowhere with more effect than in fine compositions of a simple and easy character. An artist like Annette Essipoff, or Julia Rivé will play a Chopin waltz or mazurka in a way that would prove her virtuosity if she never played anything of greater difficulty. One cannot play too well, however simple the composition.

I suppose there is no earnest, thoughtful piano teacher who does not daily realize, in sad experience, the force of the principles stated above. I say "earnest" and "thoughtful," because, unfortunately, there seem to be some pianists and piano teachers in whom vanity and conceit take the place of earnestness and thoughtfulness, and who cannot get themselves disabused of the notion that they are virtuosos even by the most humiliating experiences, which only excite their envy and jealousy of more favored artists and more generous critics than themselves. But the real teacher has the artist spirit. He recognizes the fact that the art he is called to serve embodies some of the noblest conceptions of the human mind, works to the study of which he may worthily devote his best powers; and he believes with all his heart that whenever he can succeed in bringing his pupils into such relations to the master-pieces of musical composition that they really appreciate them, in form and spirit, are inspired with love and enthusiasm for them, and have learned from their own experience to place the same elevated estimate upon them which he himself does, he has done a noble and sacred work, one which he would not exchange for any other whatsoever.

But one of the most important, if not indeed wholly indispensable means of accomplishing this work is the giving his pupils opportunity to hear the best compositions, and especially those which they study, played in a way which shall realize their author's conception. In the case of a teacher in a small town, isolated from the musical opportunities of a large city, he himself is often the only available resource for this purpose. Even in a city, virtuosos are only rarely to be heard, and if they were to be heard oftener, the needs of a pupil require still more frequent opportunities of hearing. The teacher, therefore, feels the necessity of being able to play for his pupils the compositions he gives them to study, as an indispensable means of en-

bling them to realize the composer's idea. Then, too, he is frequently called upon to play in public, and desires to do so. Apart from any desire to shine, assisting the public to a comprehension of good music is a part of his work as an educator, and he would be glad to make his own performances available in this direction also. But it is not too much to say that every professional piano teacher, whatever may have been his attainments as a pianist before he began teaching, however great his ability, and however conscientiously he has labored to improve his talents, finds himself crippled and hampered in every attempt to give adequate renderings of great compositions, as models for his pupils or for the edification of a music-loving public. It is inevitable that it should be so. Piano-teaching, though prices seem high to patrons, can only be made to yield such an income as will support and educate a family and supply such a library and such opportunities for hearing good music as are absolutely indispensable to a progressive musician by constant, unremitting labor. Teachers find almost the whole of their available strength taken up in the actual work of teaching, so that only a fraction remains for practice, for study, for reading, for general intellectual improvement. By concentrating his desultory practice on a few things, one may become able to play them somewhat satisfactorily, but there is a vast difference between the performance of even simple things by such a player, and the playing of them by one who continually devotes all his time and strength to playing. Other things being equal, the immense practice and experience of a virtuoso tell on everything he does, and renders all his work superior to that of the man who can only do a little by reason of his limitations. How great these limitations are we learn from the well known anecdote of Czerny, who was obliged to decline Beethoven's request to play his E-flat major concerto in public, on the ground that his constant teaching had unfitted him for its performance. Czerny was one of the first pianists of his day, but he had been earning his living by teaching twelve hours a day; and under such circumstances playing was impossible.

For concert performance, therefore, and for really adequate interpretations of master-works we must look outside the ranks of professional teachers. I would not underrate their service to pupils and the public, even in public performance. I appreciate the fact that culture in music is not obtained solely from our occasional hearings of virtuoso performances; and I know that by far the greater part of our progress is due to the interest inspired by the counsels, instruction and playing of teachers all over the country, and that without these the virtuosos would have had but a limited measure of success; but the fact remains that the performance of teachers is necessarily more or less inadequate, and that allowance always has to be made for it, while it is equally true that performances for which we need make no allowance, and which we can measure by the very highest standard, are extremely desirable in the interest of musical progress. The best results are accomplished where pupils who have been thoroughly trained in good compositions by a conscientious teacher, having obtained all the ideas he is able to give them by precept and example, have opportunity to hear the same compositions interpreted by a master, see them put in new lights, see models of technique and of artistic finish, and get the stimulus which comes of really artistic performance.

What piano teachers really need then, to supplement their work, to increase the interest of their pupils and create musical enthusiasm, is the frequent presence in their own fields of labor of artists whose

profession is playing, and who devote themselves solely to the interpretation of the best music. Such artists, making periodical visits to the smaller towns, could accomplish a work of which we have as yet but a faint conception. They could not only assist the earnest teachers whose aims are high, but they would be a constant rebuke to the ignorant and incompetent, and would be a powerful influence in so elevating the standard of piano teaching that inferior teachers would find themselves more and more at a disadvantage.

Unfortunately, the number of artists of the highest rank now available in America for such service as I have indicated above is very limited. I may say indeed that I really know of but one, Mme. Julie Rivé-King. If there are others, I have not had the good fortune to hear them, and the West, at least, knows nothing of them. There is reason to fear, too, that the East is less favored in this regard than could be wished. It is within my knowledge that Mr. Theodore Thomas said only last week, when Mme. Rivé played with his orchestra in Chicago, that there was no pianist in America who could compare with her for a moment. However that may be, it is certain that her technical attainments are above the most difficult tasks, so that she plays such things as Liszt's E-flat Concerto with the most perfect ease, and without fatigue, while her appreciation of the very greatest authors is such that Mr. Thomas remarked of her playing of Beethoven's C-minor Concerto, that any man who could think of her technique while she was playing had no music in him. I know too that when she was called upon to play with the orchestra, four days before the first concert, she gave Mr. Thomas a list of twenty-one concerted pieces from which to make his selection. Can any Eastern pianist show a similar repertoire? It is extremely fortunate for Western music-teachers and music-lovers that an artist like Mme. Rivé is available not only in Chicago, where she resides, and in the larger cities, but in the smaller towns as well. She has played the highest order of music in towns of only 3000 inhabitants, has been received most enthusiastically by her audiences, and has given a stimulus to musical interest and an impetus to musical progress such as I, at least, have not witnessed from the playing of anybody else. But Mme. Rivé is only one, and America is large. We need not only teachers, of whom the number is already legion, but professional pianists, numbers of them, and I believe that thoroughly competent ones would be well supported. Who will supply the lack? Are there not men and women in New York and Boston who are, or might be virtuosos? Why must men like William Mason, for instance, devote themselves to teaching? Is the East behind the West in its patronage of artists? Shall we not soon see a division of labor in the musical field between teachers and pianists, each class supporting and supplementing the other, and working in harmony for the same results? I hope so.

—Janesville, Wis., Aug. 7, 1877.

P.S.—I think I ought to have mentioned, in my remarks about Mme. Rivé-King, that my authority for my statement of Mr. Thomas's high opinion of her was Mr. Dietrich, Thomas's assistant conductor. I had this from Dietrich's own lips, and Mr. D. said that he himself, and the whole orchestra, agreed in Mr. T.'s estimate.

J.C.F.

#### Justice at Last. (From the London Musical Standard.)

For some time past, our attention has been turned to the vigorous debates which have been taking place in the convocation of the University of London on the well-worn question of granting to women the same facilities which have been open to the male sex, and have been unjustly monopolized by them, from time immemorial. For years past the *Musical Standard* has strongly protested against the con-

tinuance of a system which shows its weakness more and more plainly as this nineteenth century gathers years. The high intellectual resources and mental capabilities of women have over and over again been proved, not only in the paths of literature and science, but also in the domain of music. The names of Agnes Zimmermann, Natalia Macfarren, Madame Sainton-Dolby, and others that we might mention, are sufficient in themselves to quash the old and much favored notion, that women are intellectually inferior to men. At last, we are informed, the London University Convocation has recorded its vote in favor of rendering all degrees available to women. At what date this resolution will be actually carried into effect is not yet announced; in the meantime, it is highly satisfactory to know that the step has been taken.

Had not the University already decided to add Music to the list of its faculties, the resolution in favor of granting degrees to women would not have concerned our readers so nearly. We have now, however, to realize the fact that female musicians will soon have an equal chance with our own sex of winning a University degree in Music. No right minded man will grudge them this new privilege; and we cannot see in what way the dignity of the degree, or of the profession, will be impaired. The three older Universities will doubtless continue to close their gates against the approach of the gentler sex for some years to come; until, in fact, the younger University shall have nursed the new-made law into a custom, which shall be too strong even for the stubborn resistance of the powers that be at Oxford and Cambridge. When these have yielded—as they must, sooner or later—the professional world will be only too ready to regard with favor a movement which at present excites—we will not say jealousy, but uneasiness.

Stranger than all, close upon the heels of the decision of the London University, comes a kindred announcement, which will be found in another column, under the head of Academical Intelligence. A more sweeping revolution has never taken place in the history of any society of learning, than that which is exemplified in the announcement made today, on the part of Trinity College, London. Many of our readers will remember that some two or three years ago, when the College was less powerful, and consequently more upon its dignity, than it is now, we strongly urged upon the authorities a liberal programme, as the only one the country and the age would accept. They have now taken the final step, which separates them from the decaying ecclesiastical systems of the past, and have opened their higher musical examinations to women. We note that they still appear to reserve their titles of "Licentiate" and "Associate" for males alone; but this is a small matter. What is wanted for women, is a certificate of proficiency and merit, which shall serve as a guarantee that they possess a theoretical and practical knowledge of what they profess to teach. This is now available at Trinity College; but it must not be forgotten, that another institution has gone before it in this matter. From the very first, the College of Organists has, with a wise liberality which has characterized every proceeding of that body, offered its fellowships to women; and the greater commendation is, therefore, due to that institution. As for Trinity College, it cannot expect very high praise for taking a course which has, we might say, been forced upon it by the necessities of the times. Indeed, the preamble of the new regulations gives strong indications of external pressure having been brought to bear upon the governing body—a pressure to which it has yielded with a good grace.

**FOREIGN NOTES.** Among the operatic works already in active preparation for the coming campaign in Paris, the *Revue et Gazette Musicales* mentions the following: "La Clef d'Or" by M. Eug. Gautier, and "Gilles de Bretagne" by M. Kowalski, at the Théâtre-Lyrique; "Les Diamants de la Couronne" (in which Madame Lacombe-Duprez will make her *début*), and Nicolo Isouard's "Joconde," at the Opéra-Comique; and Rubinstein's "Nérón," at the Théâtre Italien. Glinka's "La Vie pour le Czar" will likewise be presented for the first time to a French audience during the season. Verdi has, it is stated, definitely refused to the Paris Grand-Opéra the right of performing his "Aida."

Dr. Philip Wackernagel—well known by his valuable contributions to literary history, and more especially by his "History of German Religious Song"—died at Dresden in June last at the age of seventy-seven.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 1, 1877.

## August Wilhelm.

[Our readers may be interested in the following account of the artistic career of the remarkable violin virtuoso of whom we hear so much of late. It was contributed to the German periodical, *Über Land und Meer*, by Dr. Hans G. von Müller. We are indebted for the translation to Mr. F. Slocum, instructor in French and German at the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.]

We have no doubt that Wilhelm as a violinist is all that he is here represented. But it cannot escape notice that here, as in all the glowing reports which we have had of him, he is completely identified with the Wagner side of the house, which at least throws some shadow of suspicion over the sincerity and depth of his devotion to Bach, and raises the question whether in the interpretation of the old master's music he can be one with him in spirit. The same with regard to Beethoven, profoundly as the Wagnerites profess to reverence him as the precursor and John Baptist to their own Messiah. It is a little singular that in all the praises of Wilhelm the comparison is never made with Joachim, but always with Paganini and the like. Joachim, staunch and loyal to the traditions of the great inspired, inspiring school of Art, does not seem to exist in the minds of these disciples of "the Future;" one must have accepted Wagner, Liszt, and all the rest of them, before his title to the highest place can be considered.—ED.]

There are few artists who, from their very first appearance in public, have excited so much remark or obtained, within so comparatively short a time, so world-wide a reputation as Wilhelm, the great German violin virtuoso. Indeed, we may say of Wilhelm that he enjoys a really "popular" reputation, such as few of his predecessors and contemporaries have gained.

Endowed by nature with remarkable musical talents, he has cultivated them to the utmost, with unwearied industry and indomitable earnestness. He is, first of all, musician, then, violinist. The latter is really his specialty. He must be regarded as an original creator in the region of the violin. He has extended the range of the instrument. Although special talent qualifies him for this, his great, noble, heroic tone, his peculiar handling of double notes, by which he renders whole passages with an effect that defies all description, and many other things that distinguish his grand, sweeping style—all this is the product of a new and deeply thought out system.

Liszt once said of Wilhelm: "He is so thoroughly adapted for the violin that, if the instrument had not been at hand, we should have had to invent it for him."

Among the peculiarities of his playing, his clearness has always been reckoned first. "Purity of intonation," says Hanslick, "strikes us as something to be expected; and yet it is a very rare thing. I know of no violin virtuoso who, in some difficult fingering, or in polyphonic passages would not spoil some one tone." Wilhelm's intonation is, in the most difficult as well as simplest pieces, absolutely pure; just as unique in kind as the power, sweetness and fullness of his wonderful quality of tone." This absolute purity is peculiar to him alone. It is the outcome of his thoroughly musical nature. "He can't play false," said his friend Ferdinand Hiller. His fine ear, his deep repose, self-mastery and presence of mind preserve him from this. Along with this unique capacity Wilhelm unites a thoroughly intelligent and effective manner such as few possess. He seems to conceive every piece in an original, more than that, in an entirely novel fashion of his own, so that the reproducing and creating artist seem to permeate one another. The excellent critic of the Cologne Journal could say of him with perfect justice: "He not so much

plays the violin, as poetizes upon it." But enough. It is needless for me to say that Wilhelm stands equally high as soloist and chamber musician. One should hear one of the last quartets of Beethoven played under his direction to gain an idea of him as a quartet performer.

Wilhelm, to give a short sketch of his career, was born Sept. 21, 1845, in Usingen, the former residence of the Prince of Nassau Usingen. Not long since Wilhelm visited the place, on the invitation of the Stadtrath. Here he was the recipient of the most delightful ovations and, among other things, was elected an honorary citizen of Usingen. The same town, in perpetual memorial of the day, founded an institution which bears the name of Wilhelm.

The artist's father is the widely-known Rhine wine producer, Dr. jnr. A. Wilhelm of Hattenheim. His mother, born Charlotte Petry, was herself a great artist, pupil of the well-known Court Counselor Antonandre of Offenbach, as well as of Chopin and Marco Cordogni in Paris. August Wilhelm received his first instruction on the violin at Wiesbaden of Konrad Fischer, Court concert-director of the Duchy of Nassau, a very capable artist; and, certainly, our enthusiastic pupil could not have wished for one more conscientious or better qualified in every respect. His progress must have been remarkable. For, when Henrietta Sontag, the immortal vocalist, at the beginning of her fiftieth year, was on a visit at his parents' home, she could not suppress her astonishment at the boy's unique mastery of tone and style, but, much moved, kissed him and said: "Some day you will be a German Paganini." In his earliest youth he had awakened the astonishment of musical connoisseurs by his fine ear. In November, 1858, it was that he heard a quartet and played in one for the first time. The boy acquitted himself so bravely, that he not only did not lose the time but pointed as musically and played off his part as correctly as though he had been for years at a quartet stand. For all that, Wilhelm's parents seem to have consented to his choice of profession only under protest. They would have much preferred seeing him walk in the footsteps of his father and become a lawyer, a calling for which he seemed peculiarly fitted on account of his unusually logical and clear understanding.

Meantime, Polyhymnia conquered Justinian. Franz Liszt, whose opinion was to give the impulse in this emergency, made trial of the young man, who had gone to Weimar for this very purpose, and concluded his examination, in astonishment, with the words: "How? People could be undecided as to your calling in life? Why, music is born in you. Work diligently on; the world will talk of you yet, young man." And he at once journeyed with him to Ferdinand David at Leipzig, and gave him into his charge for further training. "I bring you here the future second Paganini"—with this prophetic commendation Liszt introduced our artist to David—"look out for him." So our Wilhelm became a pupil at the Leipzig Conservatory. Here he remained four years, getting his theoretical and musical culture from Ernst Fr. Richter and Moritz Hauptmann, and diligently devoting himself to belles lettres. On leaving the Conservatory he married Sophie v. Liphart and began to travel.

Wherever Wilhelm appeared his success was the same and almost unprecedented. In a trice the twenty-year old youth obtained a European reputation. Who does not recall the truly phenomenal sensation that he excited in London and Paris, Berlin and Vienna? Despite his great youth, distinctions and honors of all sorts are already his beyond the lot of most men.

Wilhelm officiated as concert director at the

Bayreuth festival, and he devoted himself to his arduous task with a zeal, an industry, an earnestness and a knowledge that find a rival only in Hans Richter, the director of the whole work.

At a musical soirée in Wagner's home, in which all the artists tarrying at Bayreuth took part, Wilhelm played with Emil Mahr, Thoms of Munich and Grützmacher, the A-minor Quartet of Beethoven and the famous Chaconne for violin alone of J. S. Bach. The enthusiasm of this select audience was indescribable. But after the Bach Chaconne, in the lofty rendering of which Wilhelm certainly achieves all that is highest in polyphonic illustration and tone coloring—a masterpiece for the independence of its various single voice motives—Richard Wagner passionately embraced his young friend with tears in his eyes. "I cannot speak, dear Wilhelm," he said deeply moved, "but you must know what an impression you have made on me and what I receive from you."

After the Bayreuth performance Wilhelm went to England where he has labored steadily since, achieving successes and triumphs hitherto unknown. He has there won laurels, reputation and friends not only by his unequalled achievements as an artist but also, and in perhaps greater measure, by the magnetism of his personality and deportment. As a remarkable instance, may be cited his invitation to the court of Queen Victoria as well as his election as honorary member of the "German Atheneum" at London.

Especially noticeable were his labors on behalf of Wagner, so that the *Times* calls him "Wagner's most zealous and successful supporter." By an exemplary performance of single fine passages from the works of the master he was enabled to create so numerous a following of earnest devotees that he undertook to invite Wagner himself to make a journey to London. He made proposals to him for a series of grand concerts with well-selected pieces capable of being well rendered alone, from the whole body of his operas, together with some of his most important orchestral compositions from his earliest works down; so that an entire anthology from Wagner's repertoire should be presented to the London public. Wagner consented and on May 7th of this year, in the colossal Royal Albert Hall, which holds 12,000 people, the works of R. Wagner are performed in the hearing of an English public. Wagner himself leads; the orchestra consists of 200 of the most noted instrumentalists under the direction of Wilhelm, and the vocal portions are entrusted to the foremost singers of Germany.

In conclusion, Wilhelm is the simplest, most amiable and unostentatious of men. Bubbling over in society with wit and intelligence, almost without equal in his combativeness, he has always deported himself kindly and beneficially towards inferiors and the needy, but independently and freely towards his superiors. With a genuine, sound and thoroughly genial artist's nature, loved and honored by all who know him well, the world may yet expect great things of this violinist, who has scarcely completed his thirtieth year.

## A Fine Reed Organ.

We were never partial to reed organs, nor can we boast an extensive acquaintance with instruments of this class, omnipresent almost as they are. The greater, therefore, and the more agreeable was our surprise at finding in the organ lately finished by the Smith American Organ Company, for the vestibule of a sumptuous theatre or Academy of Music in Melbourne, Australia, an instrument of power, variety and positive musical quality of tone, with all the requisite means of heightening and combining the effects, adequate for a fair presentation of a grand pedal fugue, for organ Trios and Sonatas,

indeed all the forms of classical, true organ music. To be sure, it is only a reed organ, but these reed tones are all of the purest, most individual of their kind; some of them seem absolutely borrowed from the orchestra,—the oboe for instance. It has two manuals, each of five sounding stops, besides a full range (27 keys) of pedal tones commanding two more stops. The resonance in all these stops is remarkable; the general balance and blending is beautifully even and subdued,—no crying harshness; and the "full organ," when both the manuals and pedal are coupled, has a grandeur which we seldom find in pipe organs of no greater magnitude. For the rest why need we add anything to the record of a pleasant evening which we borrow from the *Globe* of Tuesday morning:

There was a pleasant gathering at the warerooms of the Smith American Organ Company last evening, drawn by the exhibition of a large and splendid reed organ, recently completed for the Academy of Music at Melbourne, Australia. This organ has been nearly two years in building, and it was intended to show the utmost effects attainable by the use of reeds. The contrasts in quality of tone are very marked, still the body of tone is well balanced and homogeneous. With the "full organ" the majesty and power of the great pipe organ is finely imitated, while the solo stops display a ravishing beauty of tone that we believe has been heard here for the first time. There were present Mr. John S. Dwight, Mr. R. J. Lang and Mr. Sharland, besides other musical persons and representatives of the press. The qualities of the organ were displayed in a great variety of styles of music by Mr. C. R. Ford, organist of Dr. Putnam's church; by Mr. Frank Donahue, organist at the Cathedral, and Mr. Dyer, organist of Dr. Clark's church in West Roxbury. Fugue and canon, solo and choral alternated, and in every one the audience found something new to admire. In the upper manual are five sounding stops: Dulciana, diapason, piccolo, clarion and kalyphon. In the lower manual are five: Clarinet, bourdon, hauptbo, principal and melodia. In the pedals are two sets—bourdon and violoncello. There are ten mechanical stops, which serve to heighten, to control or to combine the musical effects; Pedal coupler, octave coupler, manual coupler, great forte, swell forte, principal doce, swell tremolo, solo tremolo, great organ pedal and swell pedal. The case is of black walnut, after a beautiful design by Mr. Wilson, designer for the company, and is finished in the most elaborate and costly style. The pipes are richly decorated in brilliant colors, relieved with gold. As the organ is not for a church the decorations are intentionally brilliant, though not beyond the limit of good taste. It is a matter of congratulation that our city is able to produce such a perfect and beautiful specimen of art, so attractive to the eye, so satisfying to the musical sense. The organ is to be shipped to Melbourne about the 1st of September. Mr. Vossier provided for the occasion one of his faultless suppers.

**OPERA.** The *New York World* of last Sunday had the following interesting particulars of the coming opera: "Mr. Charles R. Adams, the American tenor singer, who has made himself famous in German opera, arrived in this city yesterday by the steamer Egypt, and will soon be followed by the other artists who are to help make up the Wagner and Meyerbeer Festival Opera Company. Although born in Boston and a resident of the United States until 1863, Mr. Adams's whole musical career thus far has been spent in Europe. Having discovered that he had a good voice, he put himself in training, and making rapid progress was engaged to accompany a concert troupe through the United States, the West Indies and Canada. The principal singer in the troupe was Mme. Fabbri, whose husband acted as preceptor to young Adams. In 1863 Mr. Adams went to Europe, and was soon engaged for a term of three years at the Imperial Opera in Berlin. At the end of his engagement in Berlin he had a call from Vienna, and was attached to the Imperial Opera of that capital as first tenor for nine years. During his engagement at Berlin he twice got permission from the court to visit London, where he sang at Covent Garden. This was in 1865 and 1866. In 1870, while he was at Vienna, he got permission from the Austrian court to visit Italy, where he sang for a season in La Scala, at Milan. He became a favorite of Wagner, who at that time was conducting his operas "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" in Vienna, and he holds several testimonials from that celebrated composer. After leaving Vienna Mr. Adams sang for one season in Hamburg, and it was during his engagement there that he was invited to come to America and sing at the triennial festival of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society. While he was in Boston Mr. Strakosch tried to engage him, but, as Mr. Adams declined to go into any enterprise without an interest, the terms were not closed. Subsequently Mr. Adams and Mme. Pappenheim made an arrangement to go together and get up a large company, with Mr. J. C. Fryer as their manager. Mr. Adams at once

started off for Europe to engage artists for the company. At Berlin he engaged Miss Matilda Wilde, a dramatic singer just from the Paris Conservatory. At Vienna he engaged Miss Alessandra Hüman, a Russian lady, as light soprano. This lady is said to possess a remarkable voice. Enough others were engaged to make, when joined with the singers already in this country who have been engaged, a very large and strong company. The names of the principal artists are as follows:

Mme. Eugénie Pappenheim, first dramatic soprano; Miss Matilda Wilde, second dramatic soprano; Miss Alessandra Hüman, soprano légère; Miss Clara Reinmann, soprano; Mr. Charles R. Adams, first tenor; Mr. George Werenrath, tenor; Mr. Charles Fritsch, tenor; Mr. A. Blum, baritone; Mr. Henry Wiegand, basso. Mlle. Wilde, will sing as Otrud in "Lohengrin," and Fides in "Le Prophète," Mme. Pappenheim singing Elsa and Bertha in the same operas. This, Mr. Adams thinks, will be an exceedingly strong cast. Mlle. Alessandra Hüman, soprano légère, is a pupil of Mme. Marchesi in Vienna. She had already sung at a trial in the Imperial Opera and won admiration. Herr Wiegand was for six years bass at Frankfort-on-Main. The chorus and orchestra will be organized on the same grand scale as that adopted by Mr. Fryer in the spring. The first performances will be given either in this city or Boston, probably in Boston, and the opening will be made with Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots." The company will remain a week in Boston, another week in this city and a third in Philadelphia. The company will open a Western campaign at Cincinnati Nov. 5, remaining there one week, and arriving at Chicago on the 12th for a term of two weeks. They will reach New Orleans on the 26th, remaining there four weeks. They will then take in Memphis and Nashville, arriving at St. Louis Jan. 7. From St. Louis it is intended to go to California. All of Wagner's and Meyerbeer's operas, and some of those of other composers, will be performed, the list including "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "The Jewess," "The Huguenots," "Robert the Devil," "Fidelio," "Faust," "Don Juan," etc. In the cast for each opera the artists will be assigned to the parts for which they are especially adapted.

#### Music in Chicago.

**CHICAGO, AUG. 17.**—The long break in this correspondence has been due rather to my absence from the city, than to any scarcity of interesting material for letters. On the contrary, Theo. Thomas opened a season of Garden concerts here the last week in June which extended to the number of fifty concerts; and best of all, I am glad to record, the patronage proved remunerative. These concerts took place in the south half of the Exposition building, where the introduction of seats for about 2500, and an ornamental provision of flowers and tropical plants provided means for pleasing the eye and supporting the human frame. Ice cream, sandwiches and lager-bier were administered at little tables in the conservatory, and in a garden outside the main building.

Of the musical quality of these concerts of course I need not speak. The usual Thomas features were present, "composers' nights," "symphony" nights, "request" programmes, etc., etc. Some ten or twelve symphonies were given and a formidable array of the best overtures, as well as a fair representation of Saint-Saëns, Liszt, and Wagner. And this leads me to remark that Mr. Thomas's position in regard to the music of the future has been very much misunderstood. He holds, and properly so, too, (I think) that, as the head of one of the best orchestras in the world, giving nearly or quite three hundred concerts a year, it is his duty to the cause of music to play all sorts, the old and the new. Especially he thinks the new likely to suffer from neglect, the more so the newer and more difficult it is. Accordingly he has given a great deal of Wagner, and now lately of Saint-Saëns and other recent writers. The difficult especially has been sought for, in order to improve the technique of the orchestra. At the same time his own personal attitude toward the older masters, and especially to Beethoven, is one of the tenderest admiration. Some months ago an old and highly-prized friend with whom he had been less intimate than formerly for some time, became impressed with the idea that Mr. Thomas had become a convert to the Wagner theory. But in a conversation they had together Thomas used this expression: "I suppose you know that I recognize but one in music, namely Beethoven. All the others are surroundings." This attitude is quite unlike that of one of our pianists here, who finds the Beethoven concertos too easy to be interesting; and who remarked to a friend of mine that Beethoven's sonatas were "fit only to sit upon." Such opinions as these deserve embalming in

print, even at the risk of violating the sanctity of private conversation.

Among the symphonies played in these concerts was Schumann's third, in C, the one so rarely played. Speaking of Mr. Thomas's own opinions I am tempted to add a couple that I had from him myself. The first in regard to this Schumann symphony. I had called upon him to solicit the privilege of hearing it rehearsed (for the sake of twice hearing it) and took occasion to inquire why it was so rarely played, and how Mr. Thomas liked it himself. He said to the first that it was rarely played in consequence of its difficulty. And to the second, "On well," he says "Schumann could not write a Symphony. His scoring is bad, and the works lack unity. The first is the best because it has more unity." Then followed details in regard to the scoring, in which he criticized the treatment of the violins especially, saying that throughout the symphony there was hardly a chance for a long sweeping stroke of the bow, and consequently the violin had no chance to bring out a free and telling tone. "But," he added, "it will not do to tell the public this; they must hear all, and find out for themselves what is good." As this journal is for the inner circle of music-lovers, I trust I violate no confidence in these revelations. I took occasion at this time to inquire in regard to Mr. J. K. Price's symphony. Mr. Thomas regretted that he had not brought it from New York, and said that it was a fine work, "by far the best yet from an American."

The patronage of the season was very uneven. The opening fortnight was cold weather. Then during the strikes there was no business. Early in the season Mr. Liebling played Mendelssohn's G-minor concerto with the orchestra, with a fair sort of success. Later Mr. Julius Fuchs played Beethoven's Choral fantasia, which went badly all around—the fault being of course with the chorus, and the pianist who lacked force for so large a room. Then later Mme. Rice played Chopin's E minor concerto, and this also went without effect. The last week, however, brought Mme. Julia Rivé-King on Friday night in the Liszt E-flat concerto, and Saturday in Beethoven's lovely third. On Friday evening the audience numbered about five thousand, and the enthusiasm was unbounded. The work went splendidly, the piano sounded well, I am told, throughout the vast room, and the fair pianist was greeted with three or four recalls. On Saturday evening the audience numbered over eight thousand, and the furor was proportionally greater. Everybody, Thomas himself, the orchestra, and the audience were delighted. From all the accounts I have had of it, this must have been the greatest success the Rivé ever made, splendid as many of her former ones have been. At all events Mr. Gosché (the manager) gives her the credit of having saved the season financially.

The music-schools are moving for the coming season. Mr. W. S. B. Mathews has resigned from the Hershey School. Mr. F. G. Gleason of Hartford, comes in his place. Mr. Gleason has written an opera, selections from which Mr. Thomas will play next year. Mr. Eddy brought his organ recitals to a close with the twentieth one, and was then made the recipient of a fine watch and chain from his friends and admirers. The recitals will be resumed in the fall.

The Musical College has issued a new circular and promises a good record of musical performances next year. If adequately carried out, I shall be glad to make them a matter of record here. Speaking of these two schools there is one very curious fact about them. The Hershey School, as this correspondence shows, gave a fine list of music last year, making a total of some forty concerts and evenings, all of which were very poorly attended. The Musical College gave about twelve concerts with less artistic programmes, all of which were fully attended. Yet the Hershey affairs took place in a more central location, and the performances were by the most reputable players here. I would be much obliged if somebody would assign a valid reason for this freak of the public.

Mr. Orren Locke of your city has just been appointed Professor of Music in the Methodist Female School at Evanston, a Chicago suburb.

Yours,

DER FRETSCHUETZ.

#### The London Season of 1876-77.—Concerts.

The Crystal Palace Concerts have been remarkable for the number of important works included in the series. It is true that we could well have spared many of the compositions, the chief merit of which was that they had not been heard before in this country; but we owe a deep sense of gratitude to Mr. Manns for the attention bestowed upon Brahms's new Symphony, the reception of which fully justifies its repetition next season. We must also mention Mr. Gadsby's clever music to "Alcesteis," which, although consisting of ten numbers exclusively chorals, is so well contrasted and so sympathetically illustrative of the text as to ensure its ready acceptance. The band is in every respect thoroughly satisfactory, but more attention must be paid to the choir; and we cannot but believe that the standard of these fine concerts is materially lowered by the occasional exhibition of incompetent solo vocalists.

The Sacred Harmonic Society need occupy but a small share of our attention, for the season has been more barren than usual of results. Some little interest was excited by the revival of Handel's "Solomon" and Haydn's "Seasons"; but, with such resources as this Society has at command, surely some work hitherto unheard in London might be attempted.

ed. It may save trouble, and even display the powers of the choir to the utmost advantage, to present the standard compositions season after season, with the occasional introduction of the oratorios of only one modern composer; but unless some new life is shown before long by the managers of this Association small Sacred Harmonic Societies will certainly spring up around the parent one, with less limited ideas of musical progress and a more vigorous constitution to carry them out.

It was unfortunate for the Directors of the Philharmonic Society that Brahms's new Symphony, upon which no doubt they relied as an important novelty, was first performed at the Crystal Palace, not only because on its presentation by the Society many of the subscribers had already heard it, but because it was most unquestionably better rendered at Sydenham. Mr. Silas's Symphony, the only really new composition given during the season, was, judging from its reception, a genuine success; but audible demonstrations have but small effect upon the future of a work; and we doubt whether the silent verdict of the few dissenters will not eventually prove the true one. How it happened that Grieg's Piano-forte Concerto in A minor came to be played, or why only the third part of Schumann's "Faust" was given, and that by no means effectively, are matters beyond our comprehension; but we sincerely hope that next season more vigorous measures will be put in force, not only with regard to the selection of the programmes, but to the organization of the band, for we should be sorry to see a Society decline which has done so much for music in this country, and might yet, we are certain do much more. Meantime let us do justice to the care and judgment displayed by the Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cusins, who invariably does his utmost with the means at command.

The concerts of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir have been more than usually attractive, and the execution of the music provided has fully justified the warm applause elicited at each performance. The great success of these annual concerts is mainly attributable to the fact that the special feature at first aimed at has been rigidly preserved; and, although much credit must be given to each member of the choral body, there can be no doubt that the originator and Conductor of the choir has earned for himself a fame of which he has a right to be proud. During the past season, in addition to the usual part-music, two performances of Bach's Motet for double choir, "Sing ye to the Lord," have been given, the general rendering of which was in the highest degree creditable to all concerned. To Mr. Leslie we owe also the successful production of Handel's "Hercules," the choral vocalists for which were selected from the Guild of Amateur Musicians and Mr. Leslie's Choir.

The formation of the Bach Choir is a proof not only of the growing interest in the works of the composer, but of the zeal with which music-lovers will voluntarily enter upon what must be considered a laborious study. It is always a sign of artistic progress when amateurs, instead of singing for self-glory, join a choral Society for the purpose of aiding in the interpretation of the finest compositions, for the very conditions of their membership must be the thorough merging of the individual in the general body. We think it a pity that the Association under notice, so ably conducted by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, should have assumed a title which seems to narrow its operations; for certainly during the past season, although Bach's Mass in B minor has been repeated, works by Palestrina, Handel, Gade, and others have also been so finely rendered as to prove that the choir need not limit itself to one composer or to one style of music.

It is scarcely fair to "point a moral" based upon the effect produced by Wagner's latest operatic music, under the composer's direction, at the Albert Hall, because the manner in which it was presented to the public was precisely opposed to that in which Wagner tells us we should judge of it. There can be no question that both "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" are making their way in general estimation; in proof of which we may say that through the open windows of drawing-rooms as we pass issue excerpts from both these works, and we have even heard a Wagnerian selection on our street organs. But the "Trilogy," in its integrity, is still unknown to English audiences; and we fear that, if we must build a theatre and bring over a German company before we can hear it, the time is far distant when the composer will be fairly represented in this country.

The sensational effect of Herr Rubinstein's performances has hardly yet had time to calm down; but it is good that all who have the legitimate progress of music at heart should as soon as possible reflect upon the influence such executants have upon the art. Opinions may differ upon the readings of compositions; and we certainly cannot be accused of desiring to dictate any conventional pattern which must be rigidly adhered to, but disregarding the marks of the composer, clipping rests, and playing countless wrong notes can scarcely, we should imagine, be considered improvements, even by those who are so "highly developed" as to look with contempt upon the "purists" who reverently set the author of a work above themselves. We should like therefore to ask those who went into raptures at Herr Rubinstein's playing whether we are to consider that his impulsive executive powers rendered them utterly insensible to the artistic defects we have mentioned, or that they regarded such deviations from the laws usually observed as the revelation of a new faith only to be duly appreciated by the elect? These matters are clearly worth pondering, for there can be little doubt that executive art is now on its trial, and it behoves those who form the jury to see that their verdict is given strictly according to the evidence. But Herr Rubinstein also claims our attention as a composer, and, although we cannot admit that such works as he has given us will immortalize his fame, there can be no question that, as in his pianoforte-playing, we have occasional evidences of a power which wants but self-control to enlist our sympathies. His "Dramatic Symphony" we certainly wish never to hear again, but the "Ocean Symphony" contains many thoughts of extreme beauty.

At the Monday Popular Concerts the programmes have been, as usual, of the highest interest; and throughout the season the well-earned prestige of these classical performances has been firmly maintained by the engagement of the best available executants.

Excellent renderings of the standard sacred works have been given by the Albert Hall Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Barnby, who has succeeded in raising this choir to a high state of efficiency; and amongst the interesting concerts of the season we may mention the carefully organized performances of the Borough of Hackney Choral Association, which, since the engagement of Mr. Ebenezer Prout as Conductor, have assumed a very high tone, the production of Schubert's Mass in F for the first time in London being a proof of what may be expected from the Society in the future.

The Directors of the newly built Alexandra Palace appear to be gradually inclining to the belief that what have been so long termed "popular" compositions are not really so popular as those of a higher class; and there may now be some hope therefore that the Summer Evening Promenade Concerts may attract those who love good music as well as fresh air.

A record of even the principal benefit concerts would be an impossibility; but it should be said that the signs of healthy musical progress—in spite of the "fashionable" element to which we have alluded at the commencement of our season's summary—are unmistakably apparent, even in these appeals to what are usually termed "mixed audiences;" and those of Mr. Charles Hallé, Herr Hermann Franke, and Mr. Walter Bache should be especially cited as having definite artistic features.

The Musical Association still devotes itself to subjects too abstract to engage the attention of those who profess the art as well as the science; but the recent decision of the Syndicate at Cambridge University respecting the necessity of all who present themselves for the degree of Mus. Bac. being thoroughly conversant with acoustics may perhaps justify the Association in the selection of such papers as have been read during the past session. Cambridge University has a right of course to make its own laws, and perhaps no harm will be done if some few of those who merely seek a degree in order to increase the commercial value of their services should be prevented from obtaining it: but we are convinced that many who have enriched the art to such an extent as to make their names universally revered would feel themselves quite incompetent to pass such a searching examination; and it then becomes a question whether the title they have earned by their genius is not really more valuable than that which might be conferred upon them for their accomplishments.—H. C. LUNN, in the *Musical Times*.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

- Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.  
**My Tears for Thee Must Ever Flow.** F. 3. c to E. *Del-Sarte.* 30  
 "The weary bird homeward is flying,  
 The leaves of the forest are still."  
 A very sing-able, sweet and affecting song.  
**Angel at the Window.** A. 3. E to F. *Tours.* 40  
 "An angel flew to our window,  
 To take my love from my side."  
 A beautiful poem to beautiful music.  
**Adore and be Still.** Sacred Song. Eb. 3. d to F. *Gounod.* 30  
 "High Heaven hath stooped to earth so lowly,  
 God's glory doth my bosom fill."  
 Has the crisp, strange beauty which seems to be peculiar to Gounod. Accompaniment mostly in arpeggiated chords.  
**Old Time and I.** Song and Chorus. C. 3. g to a. *Lyon.* 30  
 "Time answers, ah! the old, old strain,  
 I, prithee, pass the pitcher."  
 Rather discreditable to the old gent. But it is a jolly and striking song and chorus.  
**I Can't Sing for Gold.** F minor. 3. c to g. *McCarroll.* 30  
 "My heart is not so cold  
 As to sing for gold only."  
 A noble sentiment sweetly expressed.

- Unrequited.** E. 4. c to F. *Pinsuti.* 30  
 "Was it well, with a touch that was almost divine,  
 To turn my weak heart to the music of thine?"  
 Another good song by the composer that has the good sense to unite Italian melody and good Eng'ish versification.

- There's a Place in my Heart for You yet.** Song and Cho. C. 3. E to a. *DeKross.* 30  
 "For she loves me, the darling Colleen."  
 A taking song and chorus in popular style.

- 'Tis I.** G. 4. a to D. *Pinsuti.* 40  
 "It is I, love. Far away, Love,  
 Murmuring thy dear name o'er."  
 Full of feeling, and effective for public singing.

- One Hour with Thee.** D. 3. E to D. *Norris.* 30  
 "What shall repay the faithful swain,  
 His labor on the sultry plain."  
 Words by Walter Scott, neatly set to music.

- Instrumental.**  
**J. S. Knight's Album of New and Charming Dance Music.** Each piece, 30  
 Mr. Knight's well-known talent in the composition of brilliant dance music renders this collection very acceptable. Of the set,  
**No. 1.** Silver Cross Waltz. (F. 3.) might tempt any one to try the steps.  
**No. 2.** Conscript's March. (Eb. 3.) is varied and full of life.  
**No. 3.** Past and Future Waltz. (F. 3.) is a very light, bright and airy production.  
**No. 6.** El Dorado Polka Redowa. (Bb. 3.) is very graceful.

- Blossoms of Opera. Favorite Opera Airs.** J. Andre, each, 25  
 Easy and brief arrangements, capital for beginners. There are 25 numbers, of which we notice:  
**No. 14.** Serenade from Don Giovanni. C. 2.  
**" 15.** Se al volto, " La Clemenza. C. 2.  
**" 16.** Il segreto, from Lucretia. G. 2.  
**" 17.** March, from Il Crociato. G. 2.  
**" 18.** La donna mobile. Rigoletto. C. 2.  
**" 19.** March, from Mose in Egitto. G. 2.  
**" 21.** Brindisi, from La Traviata. C. 1.  
**" 25.** Io son ricco, from L'Elisire. C. 2.

- Fairy of the Fountain.** Mazurka Elegante. C. 4. Knight. 30  
 A glittering array of musical dew drops.

- Quadrilles for Violin and Piano.** Winner, en. 50  
 Of this convenient set (dance figures given) we notice:  
**No. 5.** Plain Quadrille. (3.) (Palermo set.)  
**" 6.** Lancier " (3.) (Victoria Quadrille.)  
**" 7.** The Minuet. (3.) (Aschers').  
**" 8.** Fancy Dances. (3.) Cotillions, containing Courtesy, Cauliflower, Basket, Sociable, New Year, and Coquette Cotillions.  
**No. 9.** Medley Quadrille. (3.) Miscellaneous set: Sweet 16 Polka, Daybreak Mazurka, Robinson Scottish, Polacca Quadrille, and Durang Scottish Quadrille.

**ABBREVIATIONS.**—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

